

Christmas Songs

The cover features two sets of parallel diagonal stripes running from the bottom left towards the top right. Each set consists of a red stripe and a green stripe, each made up of many fine, closely spaced lines.

by

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Greetings from
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Christmas Song No. 1

Bright shines the star over Bethlehem,
(O the wind blows cold o'er the Eastern hills!)
No room can they find in the lighted town,
Not a mat to spare on the floor laid down

Out in the stall must the baby lie;
(O the wind blows cold o'er the Eastern hills!)
The oxen look on with a glad surprise,
And pity creeps to their great brown eyes.

They weave of their breath a coverlid,
(O the wind blows cold o'er the Eastern hills!)
A wee lamb kneels by the manger cot
To make him the pillow that man forgot.

The doves coo softly a lullaby,
(O the wind blows cold o'er the Eastern hills!)
A banner they make of their silver wings
To shield the crib of the King of Kings.

Come we thus late to the manger stall,
(O the wind blows cold o'er the Eastern hills!)
And all the treasure that now we bring
Are world-worn hearts for the Baby King.

Christmas Song No. 2

Day clothes the evening in scarlet,
Night comes in purple and gold,
All the earth bows with the shepherds,
Glory has come to the fold.

Throw out the crumbs on the pathway,
Keen eyes will mark where they fall;
Let us make feast for the sparrows;
Jesus has come to the stall.

Set not the snare and the pitfall;
Would you let cruelty mar
This, the great hour of God's creatures?
Wood folk are watching the Star.

Royalty bides with the children
Treasures of love let them bring,
Jesu, the Babe of the manger,
Is their Redeemer and King.

Day clothes the evening in scarlet,
Night comes in purple and gold,
All the world bows with the shepherds,
Glory has come to the fold.

Christmas Song No. 3

Mary of Twilight, soft wrapped in thy mantle blue,
Hold back the dark clouds that hinder our sight.
We have come far, and the stars are all hidden now;
Light thou our pathway, sweet Mary of Night.

Mary of Starshine, lead safe to the manger bed
Us, who are lost on our way to the stall;
Teach us to worship and love as the children do.
Mary of Midnight, be kind to us all.

Mary of Agony, comfort the suffering;
Speak their pain's ending and give them release;
Bless those that slumber, and pity the erring heart.
Mary of Paradise, give the world peace.

Mary of little ones, Mother of Bethlehem,
Stay the dark shadows that hinder our sight;
Lead us in friendship to Love's everlasting life.
Mary of Sunrise, turn darkness to light!

Christmas Song No. 4

Angels of Bethlehem, guard well the manger,
 Shepherds kneel humbly in front of the stall;
Brothers of feather, and brothers of soft fur,
 Worship the oneness of God who is all.

Magi may come with their presents of perfume,
 Fine gold and myrrh from the countries afar;
They, too, must know, e'en as shepherds or starlings,
 God's blessing made them the kings that they are.

Little grey sparrows that "chip" by the doorway,
 Trees whose leaves color and silently fall,
Beggars and knights, as they pass like the locusts,
 One are, in Jesu, and Jesu in all.

All the world one world, its centre the manger,
 All the gods one God, the Babe in the stall.
Heavenly messengers brighten our vision,
 Let us see Christ, not in one babe but all.

Guardians invisible keep very tenderly
 Furred thing and feathered thing; save them from
 pain;
Guide to the manger, the king and the beggar,
 Let not the travail of Mary be vain.

Christmas Song No. 5

Jesu of Bethlehem,
 There in the stall,
What can we give Thee,
 Who gavest all?
Here are our hearts, dear,
 Cold empty things.
Doves give the softness
 And warmth of their wings;
Oxen make way for Thee,
 Give their bed;
Lambs cuddle near Thee,
 Pillow Thy head;
Hearts marred and worthless
 Are all we can bring.
Thy touch will make of them
 Gifts for a king,
Fill them with gentleness,
 Kindness Divine,
Love to the overflow.
 Babe they are Thine.
Thine to bear blessings
 To those on life's road,
Hope for the pilgrim,
 Strength for his load.
Little Lord Jesu,
 Guest of the stall,
We bring our hearts, Dear;
 They are our all.

